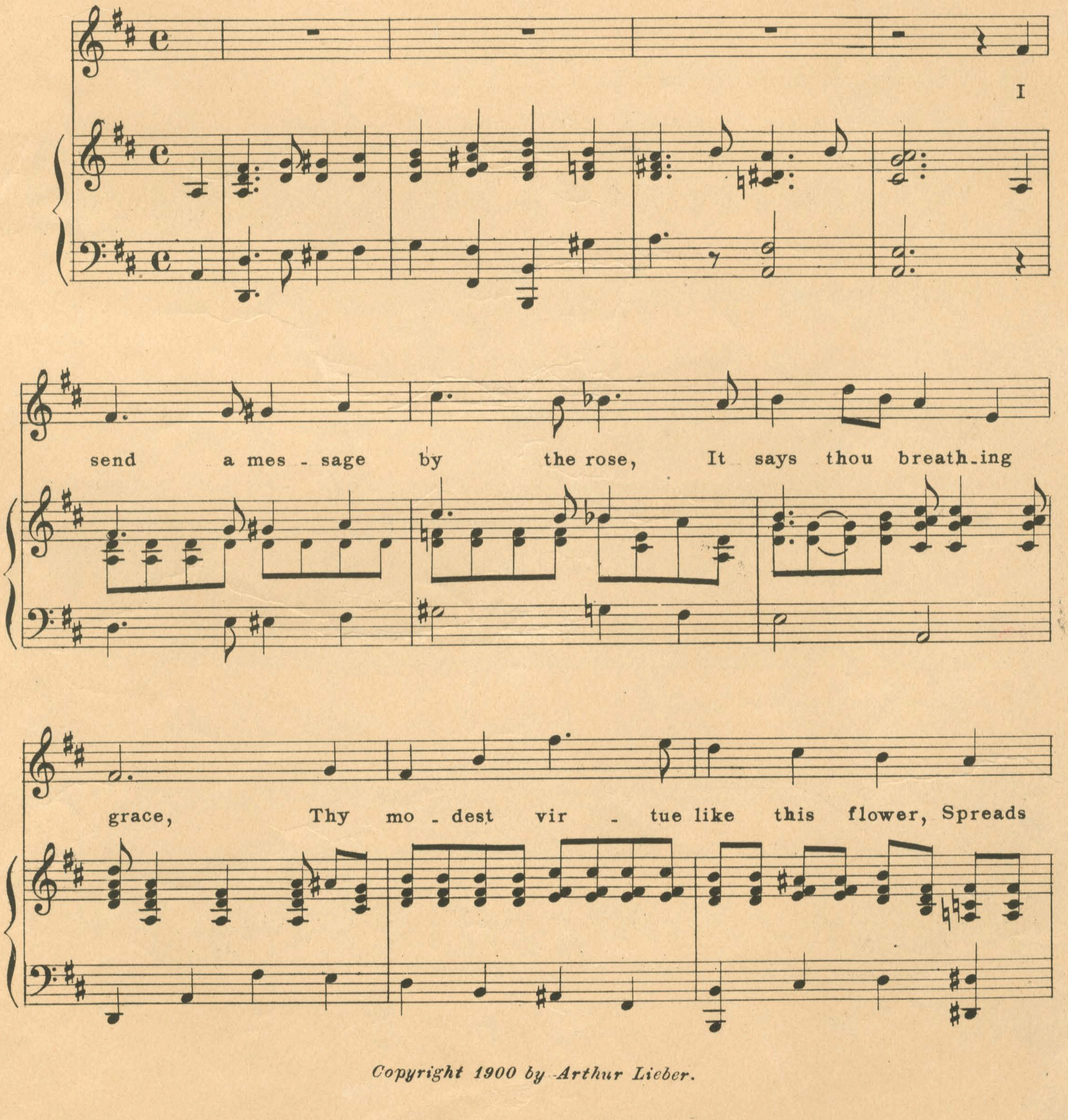
To Mrs. O. H. BOLLMAN.

MY LOVE.

Words by CHARLES MACKEY.

ARTHUR LIEBER.


I
send a mes - sage by the rose, It says thou breath_ing
grace, Thy mo_dest vir - tue like this flower, Spreads

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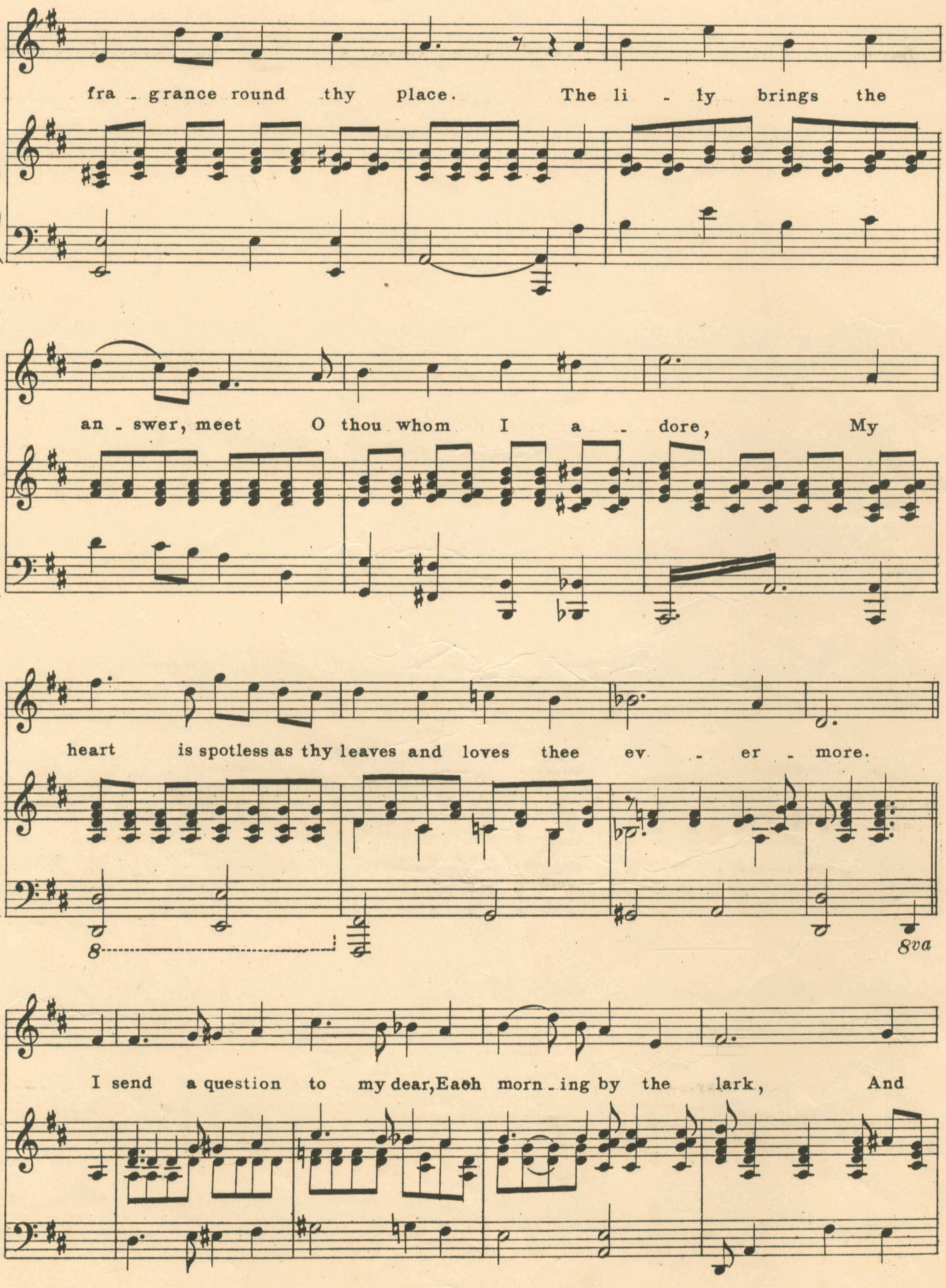
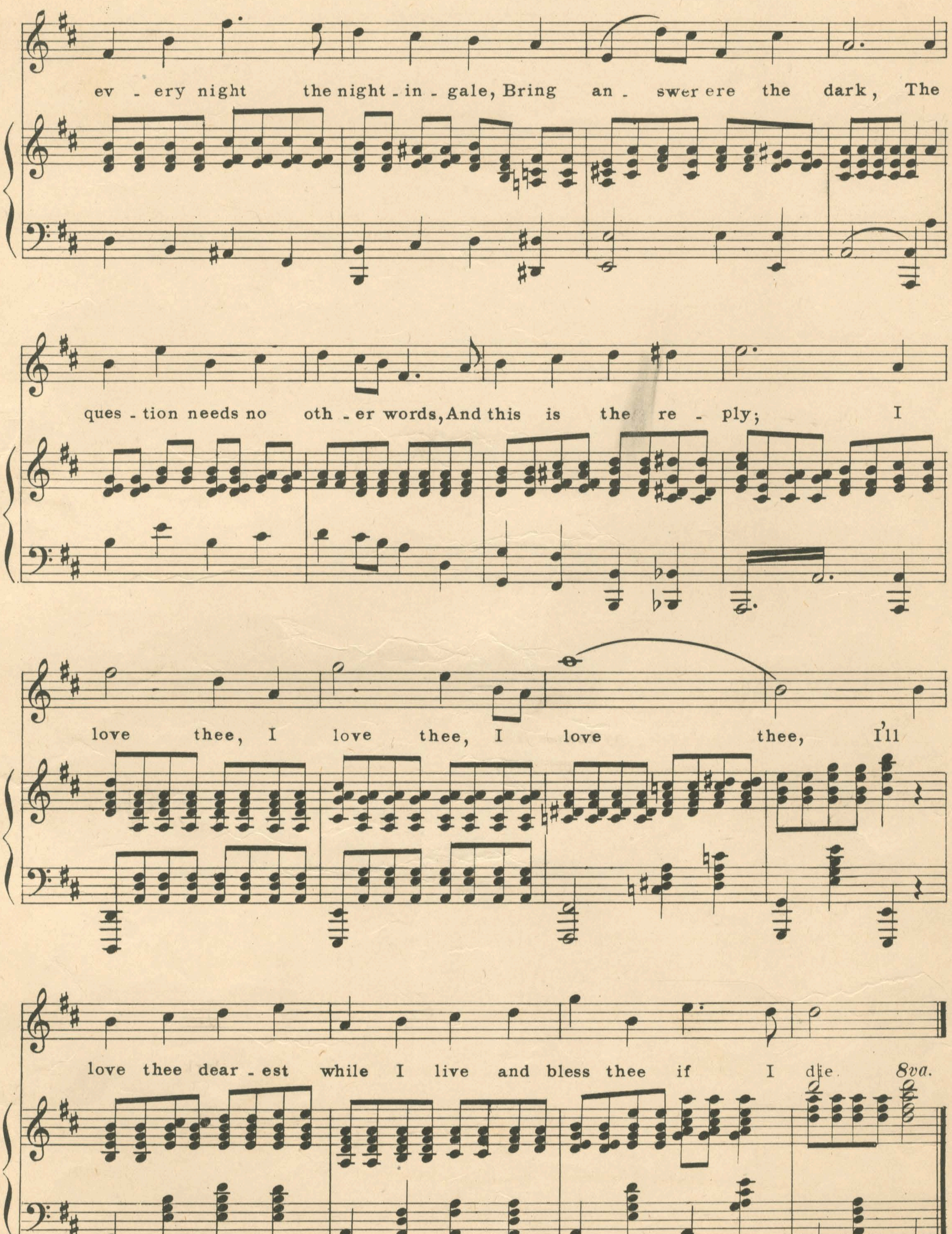

fra - grance round thy place. The li - ly brings the
an - swer, meet O thou whom I a - dore, My
heart is spotless as thy leaves and loves thee ev - er - more.
8
8va
I send a question to my dear, Each morn - ing by the lark, And


ev - ery night the night - in - gale, Bring an - swer ere the dark, The
ques - tion needs no oth - er words, And this is the re - ply; I
love thee, I love thee, I love thee, I'll
love thee dear - est while I live and bless thee if I die.
8va.
8va.